

My Dog Simon

The Adventures of a Fox-Terrier

Cherry Kearton

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But well do more, deserve it."

PRIZE



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MY DOG SIMBA

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A good-natured, wide-awake, intelligent dog

Frontispiece]

MY DOG SIMBA

The Adventures of a Fox-terrier
who Fought a Lion in Africa Told by

CHERRY KEARTON

AUTHOR OF "MY FRIEND TOTO"
"IN THE LAND OF THE LION," ETC.

WITH 21 PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



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Foreword

IF you had met Simba in the streets of London you would have thought her a smart but otherwise very ordinary little dog. There was, in fact, nothing about her to attract your attention : she would have appeared just a little black-and-white fox-terrier, with the usual readiness to bark at you or to wag her stump of a tail, according to whether or not she approved of you.

Because she seemed commonplace, I gave her a silly, commonplace name : Pip.

But her life, after she came to me, was very far from being that of an ordinary dog. Instead of living in a kennel in the back garden of a house in a suburb, she travelled with me to Central Africa ; instead of barking at motor omnibuses,

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she yapped excitedly at the heels of the rhinoceros : instead of snapping at kittens through the palings of a garden fence, she fought the lion himself.

It was when I took her adventuring that I found that she had a character which no one would have suspected. More than any dog I have ever known, she was absolutely fearless ; also she was entirely trustworthy. I chose her in the first place, as I have related, because she looked to me a companionable sort of dog : an animal with whom one could be friends. She was that, and more.

From being " Pip," a thing of little importance, she became " Simba "—the lion. To that title—for it was more than a name—she had the utmost right, for it was conferred on her, in all respect, by a native chieftain, as the sequel to one of the greatest of her many adventures. At the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs she cost me

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seven-and-sixpence : that chieftain would have bought her for fifty pounds. But I could never sell Simba.

In my book *My Friend Toto*, I have tried to show that that wonderful little chimpanzee of mine had many qualities which were almost human : and the sense of comradeship between us was not incomparable to that of a man and a child. My relations with Simba were altogether different. She knew me, quite definitely, as her master. Her virtues, her failings, her tricks, all the qualities of her character, were always those of a dog. She would never have had the slightest desire to be other than a dog, or to imitate me, or to regard me as anything but the master whose whistle meant "Come !"

Nevertheless, as I trust this book will show, Simba gave me great cause to love her. It is

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good to have an animal that regards you as a friend; it is good, also, and in a not very different way, to have one that regards you as her hero.

CHERRY KEARTON.

MY DOG SIMBA

CHAPTER ONE

SHE IS LOST

SINCE this is a true story, I am bound to say that I cannot be certain of the exactness of this first chapter. Yet I am pretty certain that this is very much what happened to Simba before I met her, although, of course, I was not there to see it.

She would have been trotting along, I imagine, close behind her master, very good, very obedient ; rather proud, in fact, of the new trick which she had learnt of going "to heel" and staying there with a wistful eye on the fingers of the hand which at any moment might give the signal permitting her to scamper ahead.

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Suddenly she saw a friend, a terrier, and she wanted to trot across the road and say, "How do you do?" After all, she was young, and this new trick of obedience had only just been learnt; besides, she was a fox-terrier and a lady, and therefore impulsive. Forgetting to wait for the signal from her master's hand, therefore, she crossed to the opposite pavement.

Her chat with her friend was a little disappointing. He was a trifle short with her. She felt that he must have been finding someone else more attractive. So she stiffened her tail straight up in the air, turned round, and made off to where she had left her master.

But he hadn't waited. He hadn't, apparently, stayed even to search for her. She hadn't heard him whistle. He had merely gone on, without thinking about her.

Naturally, she was even more indignant than

SHE IS LOST

she had been with her friend the terrier. But that didn't help matters, so she trotted on up the road. She saw no sign of her master, so she turned down a side street, ran up another road, went round a square, and then stopped to consider matters. The street she was now in was entirely new to her. She sniffed at the legs of several people who passed, in the hope that she might know them, but they were all strangers. She ran along several more streets, and then her indignation began to give place to a kind of fear.

Awaiting her somewhere were a basket and a rug, a fire and a biscuit. She wanted them. She wanted to run in at the door of the big house she knew as her home, and get a friendly pat on the neck, and then go and find that basket by the fire : and the biscuit. But she didn't know where to turn. These streets were all new to her and she was utterly lost.

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After a while, it began to rain. She felt very miserable. Suddenly she heard a whistle, and she ran hopefully towards the sound. Beside a lamp-post she found a big man in blue clothes, a policeman ; but he too was a stranger. Yet he seemed interested in her, and it was good to feel his large hand patting her : better still when it appeared that he was one of the people who know how happy it makes a dog feel to be patted on the chest, just between the front legs. Her tail wagged responsively and she looked up in his face, giving a little whine.

“ So you ’re lost, are you ? ” he said, and his hand felt for her collar. But there was no address on it, so he slipped a piece of string through the ring, holding the ends of it in his hand.

It was good to feel that someone, at any rate, was taking care of her.

Presently another policeman came to take her

SHE IS LOST

friend's place and she was led along several streets, up some stone steps, and into a large, strangely furnished room with a big fire.

There she spent the night. In the morning the string was again tied to her collar, and her friend of the previous evening took her out for a walk. She imagined that she was being taken home. But she wasn't. After a while she was led in at a big gate, across a yard, and handed over to a man who patted her, gave her a biscuit and a bowl of water, and shut her into a kennel. All around her were other dogs in similar kennels, and soon she learnt that they too had been "lost," and that this was the place to which nearly all dogs lost in London were eventually brought.

CHAPTER TWO

SHE IS FOUND

TO me, animals have always meant a great deal. I have spent my life amongst them, in England, Borneo, India, Africa, America and Canada. I have known few amusements so enjoyable as patiently watching animals while they go about their natural activities, peacefully, and unaware of my presence. I have watched birds at their nests and lions in the jungle : I once spent the greater part of every day for three weeks watching the nest of a trap-door spider in the hope of seeing the occupant come out into the open.

And many times I have been able to make friends with particular animals, getting to know

SHE IS FOUND

them intimately, to understand them, to let them understand me. Presumably because I like them, animals usually like me. There was Toto, the chimpanzee, for instance, whose adventures on his journey from the Congo to London I have already described.¹ And at the present moment, in my country home in Kent, I have Mary, another chimpanzee, a fox-terrier, a mongoose and several other friends, of whom I may write later.

I like always to have with me an animal companion—one who will be to me much more than a mere “pet.” It is a little difficult to explain the relationship I mean, but those who have read what I have written about Toto, at any rate, will understand. “Greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his life for his friend.” Toto showed me many times that he was willing

¹ See *My Friend Toto* (Arrowsmith).

MY DOG SIMBA

to die in my protection, and so also did Simba, the little fox-terrier of whom I am now writing ; and I, though great sacrifice has never been required, have never betrayed even the least of my animal friends.

So, when I was about to set out on an expedition into the jungles of Africa, I decided that I would not go alone : I would take with me a companion, and this time it should be a dog.

I went to the Battersea Dogs' Home and explained what I wanted. I was taken into a room full of kennels, out of which peeped dogs of every sort : mastiffs, bull-dogs, setters, retrievers, spaniels, terriers ; great watch-dogs and little lap-dogs ; dogs that snarled as I approached and dogs that only stirred sleepily and watched me through half-closed eyes.

It was difficult to choose, but at least I knew what I wanted. I wanted a dog that didn't know

SHE IS FOUND

what fear was, but at the same time one that knew its friends from its enemies. I wanted a dog with a sense of fun. A good-natured, wide-awake, intelligent dog: one that could be tender, when occasion demanded, just as readily as it could be fierce if my camp were attacked at night.

I didn't listen very much to what the keeper was telling me: I wasn't concerned with his opinion of the qualities of the different breeds, for I didn't mind what breed of dog I got provided that the individual dog I chose could become my friend. I walked round the room looking at the dogs, looking particularly at their eyes.

Suddenly, in a corner near the door, I saw a black-and-white fox-terrier. She had deep brown eyes, with—unless I was very much mistaken—a glint of real humour in them. She had a silly little stump of a tail, which began to wag as soon

MY DOG SIMBA

as she saw me. I stood in front of her kennel, and laughed : the tail wagged faster than ever.

I did not need to look any further. I told myself I had found a dog that could see a joke.

CHAPTER THREE

SHE STARTS HER TRAVELS

PIP, as I called her at that time, became my friend very quickly, and although in the busy preparations for an expedition to Africa I could not spare much time to play with her, from the first she knew me as her master. She would take her food from other hands, allow other people to pat her and play with her, so long as I was not within sight ; but when I appeared she would have none of them, but would come bounding across to me, frisking at my heels and yapping from sheer friendliness. She was my dog, and she knew it, and the fact pleased her.

A month's visit away from home means two

MY DOG SIMBA

or three days of preparation : but the business of getting ready for a six months' journey has to be begun three months or more beforehand, and even then a thousand and one things have to be crowded into the last furious week. It was at the beginning of that last week that I became Pip's master, and as I have said I did not see very much of her before we started. Moreover, dogs, unfortunately, are not allowed to share their masters' cabins on board ship : they are sent to the kennels and kept under the charge of a sailor. Consequently, I had to make up my mind to being unable to get properly acquainted with my little dog until we landed in Africa.

Or so I expected.

But Pip didn't like those kennels on board ship. Doubtless they reminded her painfully of the Dogs' Home, where, kindly as she had been treated, she must have felt friendless and unhappy.

SHE STARTS HER TRAVELS

When I left her in the care of the sailor, she probably thought that she was losing me for ever : as one master had lost her and vanished out of her life, so another was now giving her away. She didn't like that, and, being a plucky little thing, she determined to come back to me if she could find me. So, on the first morning at sea, she broke loose, scrambled out of the kennels when nobody was looking, and raced away to search the ship.

Of course, she had never been on a ship before, and it must have puzzled her to find that while she could run for a considerable distance in one direction, in a kind of overgrown house of long passages, whenever she turned to one side or the other she was stopped short very soon by an open fence beyond which there appeared to be nothing at all : or, at any rate, no ground on which a dog could walk.

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Fortunately, however, she decided to explore what was near her first, instead of jumping through that fence in an effort to get farther from her place of captivity. She ran up and down the long gangways, stopping whenever she found an open doorway, going into the funny little rooms (as the cabins must have appeared to her) one after the other, always in the hope that sooner or later she would find her master.

At last she came to my door. She sniffed under it, and immediately began excitedly scratching at the woodwork. When I got up and opened the door, she bounded in with a bark of pleasure, as if she were saying: "Hurrah! I've found you at last!" Then she lay down at my feet and contentedly began to lick my boots.

Five minutes later a sailor came to the cabin to tell me that my pet had broken loose and that

SHE STARTS HER TRAVELS

He was very much afraid she must have jumped overboard.

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "If ever you lose Pip you can count on her coming to me. She won't go overboard till I do."

I turned to show him where the dog was lying; but she had disappeared. Terrified at the thought of being taken away again, she had crawled under the bed, and none of the efforts of the sailor would make her reappear: yet directly I called her, she came out, her tail between her legs, her head down, and with an expression that seemed to beg me to keep her.

I wished I could have done so. She would have been good enough if she had remained in my cabin, but rules on board ship are strict, and even a personal appeal to the captain only brought me permission to have her by my side for one hour each day.

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That, however, was better than nothing. To the little dog it meant, as the days went by, a growing certainty that I was still her master, with no thought of giving her away; and to me it meant considerable happiness, for it was in those daily hours that Pip and I first came to understand each other.

During the next few years we were to have many such hours; but first came another separation.

When we reached the East Coast of Africa, Pip was kept in quarantine at Nairobi; and at the same time I was busy superintending the collecting of my stores, hiring native boys to act as porters on the long march through the jungle, and in general settling the many details of the expedition which could not have been done until we reached Africa.

At last, however, we were ready, and Pip

SHE STARTS HER TRAVELS

found herself an important member of an expedition which consisted of two white men about fifty natives, four horses and Pip herself.

CHAPTER FOUR

SHE MEETS STRANGE ANIMALS

AS far as I can tell, Pip had been born and bred in London. When she had gone out of doors it had been into streets ; perhaps she had sometimes been let loose in Hyde Park, or on Hampstead Heath, or on Wimbledon Common ; but that would have been the nearest thing to the open country in her experience. Consequently, the vast African jungle must have amazed her : certainly it delighted her. When once she had learnt to come to heel at the sound of my whistle, she was allowed to roam very much as she wished. Sometimes she would trot along beside me, only varying the monotony now and then with a

SHE MEETS STRANGE ANIMALS

scamper up and down the long file of porters. But on other, more adventurous, days she would leave us and go aside from the track on voyages of discovery

She met strange things then — animals of every sort, which she could never have met in England. One day we were crossing the Aberdare Mountains, and climbing a series of ridges. While I was still half-way up the second ridge Pip reached the summit of it. She stood there, looking ahead, when suddenly, fifty yards away, a troop of baboons crossed the pathway. Pip had never seen a baboon before, but that didn't matter to her. They were something new, something to be sniffed at, something that, for a certainty, would be worth either fighting with or playing with. So she gave chase.

I reached the top of the ridge just in time to see her approaching them, while the baboons

MY DOG SIMBA

stood in a little clump with the leader in front, waiting for her.

I knew, though naturally Pip didn't, that the baboons' idea of a game would be something considerably too rough for Pip to stand ; in fact, without a doubt, they would have killed her as soon as she reached them. So I quickly fired half a dozen rounds from my revolver, and the sound sent those baboons racing away.

One of the greatest of her new joys was to hunt lizards. She would dig them out from one spot and then chase them excitedly when they raced across to disappear down a neighbouring crack in the rock. This, of course, did her no harm, as long as her ever-growing acquaintance with natural history kept her to lizards and did not let her play the same trick with other creatures : snakes, for instance. On one occasion, when I heard her barking furiously, I hurried to the



The leader of the baboons waited for her.

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spot and found her circling round a big black mamba, a particularly dangerous reptile.

A day or two later, with this incident fresh in my memory, I heard the same sound of excited barking, and again hurried to her rescue; but this time she had found a large land tortoise, and was trying to drag it to my tent.

In the course of time Pip learnt that snakes were things to be avoided; they move and turn too rapidly to be attacked by a dog, and as a matter of fact snakes are particularly deadly to dogs.

For my own part, snakes are the one species of natural life that I heartily dislike; and consequently my terror can be imagined one night when having been caught by the sudden falling of the African darkness and obliged to sleep in the open. Lying on the ground wrapped in blankets, I suddenly felt a slow, creeping movement coming

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up and up from my ankle to my knee. Now, the only thing to do when a snake approaches you in this way is to keep absolutely still, in the faint hope that the snake will pass on, or at any rate will not realise that you are alive. I knew this, and I knew that even the faintest movement, the least shifting of my position, must mean a snake bite from which I would have no chance of recovery.

The hours passed slowly. I suffered cramp that was almost unendurable. Yet my only chance of life, it seemed, was to keep absolutely motionless until daylight. Imagine, then, my disgust (and later, of course, my amusement) when, with the first signs of dawn, there came another movement under my blanket, and there appeared from beneath it, not the deadly snake I had imagined, but Pip ! She had felt the cold as the camp fire died down during the night, and



She had found a large land-tortoise

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had crept under the foot of my blanket for warmth !

Pip was interested in birds, and for long stretches at a time she would lie intently watching the curious weaver birds that built their numerous nests on the low jungle bushes.

One day two of my porters drew my attention to a honey-bird—a bird that lives on honey. As the boys approached, Pip jumped up from where she had been lying just outside the camp, and came trotting towards me, convinced, apparently, that it was time that something amusing happened to break the monotony of a rather wearisome day—for the days in camp were often much less exciting for her than those spent on the march. Now, honey-birds are interesting creatures. They seem to have a natural instinct for displaying their own treasures : when they have found a store of honey they like to draw attention to it,

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as if to say : “ See how clever I am to have discovered this ! ” So when I stood up, this honey-bird flew off a few yards and then waited for me to approach. Flitting from tree to tree, the bird led me for nearly a mile, until at last it stopped at the decayed trunk of a tree showing a hole in it three or four feet from the ground.

The boys, of course, were delighted at the prospect of getting a free supply of honey, and Pip shared their excitement. I called her off, however, and sat down on the ground some twelve yards away, to see what the boys would do ; for although the honey-bird was willing to tell her secrets, it seemed probable that the bees would have a greater idea of the value of privacy and personal possession.

The boys set to work chopping out bits of tree to enlarge the hole, and for a time the bees kept quiet. Then suddenly out they came

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in a swarm. Unfortunately, by that time the excitement had been too much for poor Pip, and she had broken away from me to join the boys in what, no doubt, she imagined would prove a most enjoyable game. She was therefore in the first rank, so to speak, to meet the charge of the bees. Poor little dog! She stood up on her hind legs and fought with her front paws to keep those bees off her face, but it was no use; she rolled on the ground with the boys who had been similarly attacked; she took to flight with the bees still clinging to her.

Fortunately, the bees did not pursue her indefinitely, and when she had gone some distance she stopped and turned. It had proved a painful business, seeking that honey! Still, she wasn't to be beaten, and back she came, very warily. The boys came too. But as soon as they were close to the tree the bees came out again and

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put them to flight once more. One boy, however, now stood his ground. He was badly stung, of course, but he got the honey; and we all of us had a share in the feast, Pip enjoying hers as much as anybody.

The boys, however, would not allow all the honey to be eaten. Some of it, of course, must be left for the honey-bird, for had not she led us to it? And if we were selfish, was it likely that she would help us again? So a substantial portion was left for her at the edge of the hole.¹

As we moved farther into the jungle, Pip met animals of a more exciting type. Baboons had enticed her, the black mamba had startled her, birds had interested her. What, I wondered,

¹ This practice of leaving a share for the honey-bird is invariably carried out by the natives of Africa. I wish that we in England were equally considerate towards our fellow-creatures.

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would she do when she first came face to face with an elephant, a rhino, or a lion?

I was not left long in doubt. When we had climbed to the top of the Aberdares and were camping at a height of twelve thousand feet above sea level, I was awakened one night to find Pip rubbing her moist nose against my face. I struck a light, and then I saw that she was trembling, but whether from excitement or from fear I did not then know. Cautiously, I got to my feet and peered out through the slit in the front of my tent. The camp-fire was still burning, and all seemed quiet. Suddenly I saw gleaming in the fire-lit darkness a pair of eyes, and a minute or so later I heard the horrible grunt of a leopard.

No wonder the little dog was scared ! However, nothing happened that night, and half an hour later I returned to bed, letting Pip lie down beside

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me and rub her nose affectionately against my hand as it hung over the edge of the bed.

A short time later we found ourselves near the house of a friend of mine, an estate manager, who lived some twelve miles outside Nairobi. There was no room for us to stay in his house, so we put up in a little wooden hut some fifty yards away. In the middle of the night Pip and I awoke at the same moment, at the sound of something outside the door. Pip was not scared this time : she growled angrily. A second later we heard a heavy sound as of a body falling on the tin roof of the hut, and I knew that the visitor was a leopard, a leopard without doubt who wished to have Pip for his evening meal.

Fortunately the roof was strong : otherwise there might have been two courses to that meal ! But even as it was, we had the pleasure of listening to the leopard clawing his way round and round

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that roof, seeking a way in. I kept the light burning and my revolver ready to my hand. But it was an uncomfortable night, to say the least of it, and even after I knew that the leopard had departed, it was some hours before Pip would quieten and go to sleep.

I soon discovered that while the dog would give way to something like terror when fastened in a hut or tent—a feeling shared by most of us—she never knew fear when she was out in the open. One day, for instance, she was out on a ramble with Killenjui, the native boy who acted as my spearman and camera-bearer—a great friend of hers—when suddenly they came upon a large rhino.

Now I should have expected a dog to be terrified at a sudden encounter with this monstrous specimen of zoology. But Pip was not the least bit frightened. Without waiting a minute she

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dashed in and tried to bite the rhino on the leg, then scampered back, dashed round to the other side, darted in again, and in fact kept that rhino spinning round, while it snorted and puffed like an antiquated steam engine. It was the rhino that was terrified. He, no doubt, had never before seen such a strange, snapping little creature, and he didn't know what to make of it; moreover, a rhino is a cumbersome creature, and not at his best with an enemy that can jump two yards and appear on his unguarded side, safe from the horn, before he has time even to think of turning round. Consequently the rhino took fright and decided to bolt.

A short while later Pip had another adventure with rhino. We were on trek under Mount Kenya, in practically open country, when suddenly two of the great beasts came in sight. At that moment I was alone. A hundred yards behind, however,



Suddenly two rhino came in sight.

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were my camera-bearers, two Somalis mounted on horses, and the boy who had charge of Pip. I signalled for the camera-bearers to come forward, while the others remained where they were, and in a very few minutes I had my cinema camera in action.

It was a wonderful opportunity to secure a good picture, and I started to creep stealthily forward, hoping, since the wind was against me and would not carry my scent to the rhino, to be able to get within close camera range.

The animals, however, soon grew suspicious, and although they were too short-sighted to see me, they stood looking in one direction after another, aware of danger yet unable to decide from which direction it would come.

It was at that moment that Pip's excitement once again became too much for her; also, I fancy, the boy's excitement got too much for

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him, so that he slackened his hold on her strap. In any case, she broke loose, and as I saw her flying past me I knew that my chance of a satisfactory picture was gone.

Pip, of course, was feeling in great form. Had she not successfully routed one of these animals only a week before? What had been could be again! She dashed straight at those rhino, following the same tactics that she had used before, biting their hind legs and jumping out of range before any harm could come to her. The rhino were as mystified as their cousin had been, and like him they gave it up and took to flight, going at the extraordinary speed which always surprises those who think of them as the solid, heavy-looking beasts that they appear.

By this time, Pip was thoroughly enjoying herself. Attacking rhino was the greatest fun. The pity of it was that they always fled so



The rhino took to flight at extraordinary speed.

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soon ; and this time she decided to see what would happen if she pursued them. Accordingly, in a surprisingly short time, both the rhinos and Pip were out of sight.

That, I must admit, worried me. I had had plenty of evidence by that time that in all ordinary circumstances Pip could look after herself. Nevertheless, hitherto I had always been within call of her in case she ran into real danger. Now she was completely out of sight, and I pictured her, carried away by excitement, being trampled or gored to death by the rhino. Consequently I was very grateful when the two Somali horsemen came up and volunteered to give chase and fetch the little dog back.

It was not until some hours later that they returned. At first I thought that Pip must have been wounded if not killed, for instead of running at the horses' heels as I had expected, she was

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lying on the pommel of the saddle of one of the riders: a fact which at first struck me as almost incredible, since the Somalis were Mohammedans, and by their religion were forbidden to lay hands in any way upon dogs. Yet there, sure enough, was Pip, and as I approached she looked up and wagged her tail.

Then the Somali told me the story. Pip had actually chased those rhino for five miles! The horsemen had overtaken her, panting along, very exhausted but game to the end. They called her off, and then at last she stopped, and in stopping sank to the ground, too tired even to stand. It was impossible for her to walk back those five miles to the camp, so perforce the Somali horseman picked her up and rode with her across his saddle. That he could do so, in contradiction of the sacred teachings of his religion, was evidence of his admiration for her.

SHE MEETS STRANGE ANIMALS

One and all, the natives loved Pip. She had courage; and there are few people who hold that quality in greater admiration than the African natives. Not one of the members of my expedition would have allowed for a moment that, after attacking animals a dozen times as big as herself, she could be left exhausted to die of starvation in the open jungle. Since she could not be brought to safety without breaking the laws, those laws must be broken.

It was a worthy tribute to her pluck.

CHAPTER FIVE

SHE HAS ADVENTURES IN AFRICA

ALL this while I was learning from little incidents that occurred almost every day that my little dog was indeed a gem and the best of companions. She had, of course, all the natural and delightful tricks of her kind, and when one is separated by hundreds of miles of wild country from the nearest white man it is good to have an animal-chum like Pip.

Pip liked to take her meals with me. As soon as she smelt the food, she would come trotting to my tent and sit down and watch the table. Sometimes, to see what she would do, I would refrain from giving her any of the tit-bits : I



My little dog was the best of companions.

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would quietly start my meal as if she had not been there. Then she would sit watching me, with a pathetic look in her eyes that seemed to mean : " I know you are doing this for a game, but all the same you might be a sport and give me something ! " And every time that my hand strayed away from my plate, her tail would wag with excitement. But if I persisted, and still refrained from feeding her, she would suddenly raise her head and remind me with a weird kind of howl that I have heard from no other animal. What would have happened if I had failed even then to take the hint, I do not know : I never tried. It came to be an understood thing between us that the game could be played up to that point, but that when she howled it was to end.

Sometimes, in the evenings, Pip and I would sit outside my tent, side by side, listening to all the strange noises that fill the African jungle

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just as the sun goes to rest : the chatter of parrots overhead, the distant roar of lions, the weird call of the hyena, the cry of wandering jackals, the distant trumpeting of elephant. For me these noises have always a fascination. What did they mean to Pip? I imagine that as she lay there at my feet she must have been dreaming of wonderful adventures for herself : of long pursuits after more rhino and after elephant, of fights with strange beasts that she had not yet seen, of great games like those she was constantly having with wart-hogs.

These wart-hogs gave her great amusement and no inconsiderable amount of exercise. She could never see one without giving chase. On one occasion I also got much amusement from watching her. Wart-hogs are ugly-looking brutes of the pig family, who live in holes which they burrow in the ground. While Pip was in full cry

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after one of them, and running him close, the wart-hog suddenly turned and immediately disappeared. Or so, at least, it seemed to Pip. In reality, of course, the wart-hog had found his hole and, under cover of a cloud of dust, had backed into it, ready to defend the home with his formidable tusks. Pip dashed by, and then pulled up short, looking round in amazement for the quarry that had so mysteriously disappeared. If the wart-hog had been a sensible animal he would have stayed quietly where he was; and by doing so he would have benefited all his brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts in the neighbourhood, for Pip, I fancy, would soon have got tired of pursuing animals that unfairly escaped by the use of magic. But although wart-hogs are clever animals, the advantage of his position did not occur to this one. He stayed but a minute where he was, and then, finding

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that he was not followed, he suddenly made a bolt out of his hole into the open again. Pip, of course, turned and was after him like a shot. This time she could not catch him, but when she came back to me, mightily pleased with herself at the discovery that even magic did not enable her enemies to hide from her, she seemed to be saying : " I shan't be caught by that trick again."

Another creature that puzzled her was the ostrich. This bird was plentiful in that part of Africa, and not at all wild. This was partly because they were not often disturbed, but also because the ostrich, being practically the swiftest creature on the earth, can afford to let visitors approach quite close to it without troubling to move. Pip, of course, did not know that. After many experiences with animals that bolted as soon as they saw her, she saw the ostrich calmly

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continue its feeding, and she thought that here was an easy prey. She would walk up towards it and then gather speed for one of her desperate charges. The ostrich would stand and watch her, and at the last minute would move off with a rapidity that left Pip far behind in a very few seconds. The pursuit, in fact, would be like a tramcar trying to overtake an express train.

From these stories it will be apparent that Pip divided the animal kingdom pretty correctly into two classes : those like the leopard, lion, elephant, buffalo and snake, that meant danger and must therefore only be attacked when necessity demanded ; and those others, the wart-hog, rhino, ostrich, tortoise and so on, that could more or less safely be played with and pursued.

After the first few days she seldom confused these two categories. She was wrong about baboons, wrong about a hyena that could easily

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have killed her but for my intervention, and wrong again about elephants, which, because they were big and clumsy, she probably thought would have run from her as the rhino had done. (I knew better. The elephants would have used their trunks, either to knock out her brains with a single blow, or else to pick her up and dash her against the nearest tree and then trample her under foot.) But when a herd of buffalo went past the camp at night, fifty yards away, she awoke at once with a growl.

At night, in fact, she was a watchdog, and then it was her business, not to amuse herself, but to guard her master from danger.

This part of her life she took very seriously, and certainly no man ever had a more devoted attendant. She was, as I have said, always ready for a game, but if while we were playing she thought that I was hurt she would leave the



How we lived in Africa.

When this photograph was taken, Simba was in the tent on the left.

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game instantly and come anxiously to my side. Once, while exploring an extinct volcano, I accidentally tripped and fell down a bank twenty feet high. Fortunately I fell on to soft earth and was unhurt, although badly shaken. Pip saw me fall, sprang helter-skelter down the bank, and before I could rise she was at my side, licking my face and fussing over me in flattering anxiety.

After we had been some time on trek we got into difficulties owing to scarcity of food and water. We were many miles' march from the nearest place where we could replenish our supplies, and sometimes I began to feel doubtful if the expedition would not end in tragedy. Still, there was nothing to be done except to husband what food we had, and accordingly I decided that no one should have more than one quarter of his normal daily rations. The native boys, naturally enough, did not like this regime, and I

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knew that as time went on there might be trouble with them. Accordingly I had to be on my guard and ready to teach them a lesson at the first sign of disaffection. One morning, I noticed a stir in the camp, and I knew that the time of danger was approaching. The boys, however, had not yet reached the point at which they would mutiny : at present they merely felt that it was necessary to prove to me in some quite obvious fashion that the present state of things could not continue, that work was impossible without food, and in fact that I, the all-powerful white man, must use some of the great powers given only to white men, and produce food immediately and in large quantities. I wished, for my own sake as much as for theirs, that I had been able to do so ! The method adopted to convince me of all this was curious : the natives came in a sort of procession to my tent, bearing

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in their midst a litter containing the apparently lifeless body of one of the boys. This, I gathered, was intended to mean that already they were dying of sheer starvation.

I, however, knew something of those natives and their methods, and I did not believe that the boy was dead : he could not, certainly, have died already of starvation. To put matters to the test, therefore, I stood up and made a speech to the effect that the calamitous position in which we were placed distressed me considerably, but there was no help for it, and as we were all starving there was really nothing for us to do but to make a meal off this boy who had been the first to die. As I spoke I took out my hunting - knife and approached the body.

Needless to say, the "corpse" did not wait for me to start my preparations for the feast. In one act he came suddenly to life, let forth a yell,

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leapt to his feet, and bolted like a hare. Far from being angry, the other natives were delighted. They shouted with laughter, and for the time being hunger was entirely forgotten. African natives, as I have always found, have a keen sense of humour, and in times of trouble an appeal to it is often the best means of distracting their attention.

That, then, brought us out of immediate danger; but the position was not essentially eased, and indeed I knew that it was bound to get worse as the days went by. Most unfortunately I, weakened no doubt by the lack of food, went down at that moment with a severe attack of fever. The only white man besides myself who was with the expedition had already gone forward to find a site for a camp where water would be plentiful and good and where there was a chance of procuring fresh

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supplies of food. I was therefore alone in my sickness, with the natives. I was far too weak to stand, and had to be carried on my bed by bearers.

During all this time, Pip was my constant companion. She, poor creature, suffered as much as anyone from the lack of water, and it was piteous to see her loping along with parched tongue and staggering limbs. Yet as soon as a halt was made and my bed was set on the ground, she would come and rub her nose against my hand with a dog's sympathy.

In this way we marched all day through the terrible heat, and by four o'clock I was continually falling into spells of unconsciousness. In the evening we reached a yellow pool of stale water, and as by that time the supplies of water which we had carried were entirely exhausted, we were compelled to camp. Water was taken from the

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brackish pool, and we drank tea in which, a minute before, had been floating weird beetles and other forms of life too horrible to describe. Yet how welcome it was !

As for Pip, at the sight of the pool, she staggered to it, lay down at its edge and drank. It mattered no more to her than to me that it was foul water : it would quench thirst, and nothing else mattered.

Just before dark a messenger reached us with the news that Cole had found a site for a camp with good clean water and possibilities also of food. Exhausted as we all were, the news cheered us, and we began again to march forward. I had slept after that drink of tea, and was now feeling better, although still totally unable to walk. The porters accordingly once more hoisted my bed on to their shoulders, a refreshed little dog mustered her strength to scamper around

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me, and we set out with new confidence. Yet our troubles were by no means over. Darkness fell, but still we went on. Soon the boys halted, and stood in little groups, terror-stricken, while Pip gave her growls of warning. Barely conscious with a return of the fever, I asked what was the matter, and one of my bearers whispered, "Kafu"—rhino! Fortunately the beast did not attack us, and a few minutes later, having heard him dashing away, we were able to resume our march.

Shortly afterwards we stopped again. In the distance lions were roaring, always a fearsome sound in the darkness of the African night. Ill as I was, I knew that I must get down from my bed and be ready with a rifle in case the safari was attacked. Just at that moment the two boys in front of me fell, and I was thrown heavily into a bush. With that the last of my feeble

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strength left me, and I remember nothing of what followed until I came to myself in front of Cole's tent, drinking a glass of perfectly cool, refreshing water, while the ever-faithful Pip stood by my side licking my hand.

CHAPTER SIX

SHE WINS AN HONOURABLE TITLE

AS soon as I had recovered from the attack of fever, my friend Berkeley Cole and I decided to seek the main object of our expedition, the photographing of lions in their natural surroundings. I need hardly say that this is an exceedingly difficult thing to do. Lions, of course, are very fierce, and they do not like being interfered with. In addition to that, they are naturally wary animals, very much alive to danger, and we knew that we should be extremely lucky if we succeeded in getting within close cinematographic range.

However, nothing worth while is ever done

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without difficulties, and we decided to make the attempt.

We were then in a part of the country where lions were fairly numerous. Before daybreak, one morning, soon after starting, I discovered that my rug had been left on the ground. I therefore sent back two of the boys to look for it. When they returned, instead of bringing the rug I had left, they carried only some four or five small pieces of it, none of them larger than my hand. Around the spot where I had slept, they had found the footprints of lions, who must have approached at dawn, torn the rug to shreds, and carried off the greater part of it.

When that news came we did not waste time considering what would have happened if either Cole or myself had been in the position of that rug. In Africa one does not trouble about the things that might have happened but didn't

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happen ; there is always too much of real interest for that, too much that does happen and in all probability will happen again within the next few hours.

To us, in fact, that news was exceedingly cheering. It meant that our quarry was close at hand.

Yet, keen as we were on being successful with lions, we were, of course, still interested in any other animals that might come within range of my camera. One afternoon news was brought to me of a herd of eland. Accompanied by Pip, I set out to stalk them, but darkness overtook us and we had to return to the camp. As we drew near it we could see the great camp-fire, and all the native boys crowded round it, singing songs and telling stories. Pip, trotting quietly at my side, suddenly became excited by the glare of the fire in the darkness, and dashed towards

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it. The natives had not heard us approaching. Their minds at that time were full of stories and rumours of lions, and suddenly they looked up to see an animal bounding amongst them. Certain that the camp was being attacked by the King of Beasts, they fled in all directions, yelling and screaming, some of them in their terror even jumping right through the flames.

It was the laughter of the boys that had accompanied me as camera-bearers that brought them back ; and when, creeping stealthily, ready to fly again at the first roar of the lion, they found no lion but only little Pip, calmly and quite happily washing herself beside the fire—then they too saw the joke, and the whole camp rang with shouts of merriment.

A few days later Pip nearly came to grief in a pool of water. The boys were trying to catch an iguana, and of course Pip had to join

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in the game. The iguana took refuge in the pool and disappeared beneath the surface. Pip followed. Apparently she assumed that if the iguana could stay under water, so could she, and by the time she realised her mistake she was in imminent danger of being drowned.

At last we reached a Masai kraal, or native village, and found the inhabitants in a great state of excitement because two man-eating lions were in the neighbourhood. These beasts, it appeared, had been doing a great deal of damage and were becoming very bold. As a matter of fact, at that very moment, as we stood talking to the native chieftain, the lions were barely five hundred yards away.

Our Somali horsemen went out, and before long one of them returned with the news that a large lion and lioness had been found under a big thorn-tree only a short distance

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away, and that all was in readiness for me to bring my cameras.

The Masai, of course, were quite as much delighted at the news as I was. No prize is so keenly coveted among their warriors as the mane of a lion, but to be entitled to wear it a man must have killed a lion single-handed. Seeing that the Masai of those days fought with spear and shield alone, this meant no mean feat of arms and courage, and those who wore the lion's mane head-dress had good reason to be proud of themselves.

On this occasion my attempt to obtain the photographs I wanted was to be combined with a concerted attack by eleven young warriors, all eager to distinguish themselves, and eager too to rid the neighbourhood of a dangerous pest.

Four Somali horsemen rode out as scouts to try and entice the lion forward, while the rest



Young warriors eager to distinguish themselves.

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of the party formed up in a half-moon shaped line, my position being on the extreme left. Then we advanced cautiously through short scrub towards the big thorn-tree which, we were told, marked the lions' lair.

When we were within some eighty yards of this tree I suddenly discovered that little Pip, once again determined not to be left out of the fun, had broken loose from where I had left her in our camp and was already at my side, very excited and very eager. That, I thought, would not do at all : it was all very well for her to risk being kicked by eland or snapped at by jackal, but she was too small to join in a lion hunt. Accordingly, I halted, called Killenjui, my camera-bearer, to my side and told him to wait where he was and look after Pip.

We then advanced again, and when within twenty-five yards of where the two lions stood

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at bay, I fixed the tripod of my camera firmly in the ground. The fixing of this took some seconds, and when at last I looked up I saw a scene which I shall never forget. Step by step, the Masai were advancing with spears poised in the air, daring the lion and the lioness to leave their shelter. The beasts, all the while, were furiously angry, tearing at the earth with their fore-paws and giving vent to the most awful coughs, growls and roars that it has ever been my fortune to hear.

It was a thrilling sight, and at the same time a decidedly awe-inspiring one ; but I had little time to consider the matter, for at last the chance that I had longed for and waited for and worked for had come. When it came it seemed simplicity itself : all I had to do was to focus my camera on those two infuriated beasts and turn the handle with all the steadiness of hand that I could muster



I saw a scene which I shall never forget.

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But hardly had I started when the lions changed their tactics. A Somali ventured just a yard too near, and in a flash the lioness had bounded out, so that it was only by good luck and the swiftness of his horse that he escaped. The lioness missed her prey, but she had escaped from the siege, and she did not return ; in fact, we never saw her again. A few seconds later the lion made a half-hearted attempt at a sally, but I imagine that he had the sense to realise the strategic strength of his position, surrounded as it was with short thorn bush through which the Masai found it exceedingly difficult to penetrate. At any rate, he remained in his lair, still uttering those terrible coughs which the lions use, I believe, with the idea of unnerving their enemies—an attempt which, as far as I am concerned, entirely succeeds. I know no other sound to approach it. My feeling was

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that the sound hit me in the chest and vibrated out at my back.

Meanwhile, I was experiencing considerable difficulties at my job of photography. The bushes which impeded the progress of the Masai also interfered with the camera work. Had I merely wanted to watch a fight between lion and spearmen, that thorn scrub would have made things difficult, but when it was a matter of taking cinematograph pictures of an object that moved continually, the difficulty was more than doubled. To make matters worse for me, the Masai were continually changing position, now challenging the lion to come out, now seeking a position from which to cast a spear, and it seemed that whenever I obtained a really good chance for a clear photograph, a Masai was certain to come between the lion and my lens.

For several minutes this continued, amid ever

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increasing excitement on the part of the Masai, and indeed of all of us. Then at last the lion decided that the situation was uncomfortably warm, and that the time had come for a sortie in force. Before the nearest Masai could intercept him, he had sprung, a swift streak of dull yellow, out of his lair towards a small, dried-up stream-bed that was full of thorn bushes and therefore provided almost as good cover as the spot he had left. This was eighty yards away. In one second of horror I realised that he would pass within a few yards of my boy Killenjui and Pip. Everything depended upon whether he was too scared to stop for a second and deal with them.

My dread may better be imagined than described when I saw him stop twelve yards away and look at them.

I have not much doubt about what Pip was feeling at that moment. Terror? Not a bit of

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it. The plucky little creature wanted nothing but to join in the fight, and when the lion came so close she lost her head completely, and, since she was tied to Killenju and could not get at the lion, she turned on her guardian and bit him instead !

But whatever Pip may have thought, I, at any rate, was sincerely relieved when the lion made up his mind to waste no time over dogs and to make for safety.

A minute later, therefore, the Masai found themselves faced with their whole problem over again, since the lion was now in new cover, just as difficult to penetrate as that from which, after nearly an hour's struggle, they had driven it. Now moreover, while the lion was sheltered by bushes, the spearmen and myself were unprotected, in open country.

Some of my carriers were sent for, and an



I saw him stop twelve yards away.

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effort was made to drive the lion into the open by shouting and throwing stones into the bushes. But the lion was now silent, and the Masai were at a loss to know where he had taken refuge, and from what point to expect another sortie. In fact, we all felt discouraged—all, that is, except little Pip, who was still full of excitement and as anxious as ever to join in the fray. It was her keenness that gave me an idea. Dogs, of course, are often used in lion hunts: their yapping irritates the lion and is the means of inducing him to come out into the open, when of course he is immediately dispatched by the hunters before the dogs can suffer harm. All our first attempts against this lion having failed, I began to wonder whether Pip could not be allowed to take a part in the struggle without coming to any harm. She, I was convinced, would be willing enough, but at the same time she would

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not, I imagined, have the courage to press home an attack. I pictured her, in fact, barking furiously just out of range of the lion's spring, then the lion coming out to attack her, and the Masai immediately jumping in to put an end to the lion's career with their spears. In the light of after events it was, I fear, a mistaken piece of reasoning ; but I did not then estimate Pip's pluck as I was to do a short time later. Indeed, the only thing that really worried me was the chance that the little dog might be hurt by one of the flying spears in the moment of crisis ; but there my fears were soon set at rest by the Masai themselves, who assured me that no such accident was possible. Accordingly I told Killenjui to let the dog loose, and the native, still rubbing his leg, seemed ready enough to do so.

At this time we were all of us uncertain as to exactly where the lion was hidden. It seemed



The little dog was anxious to join the lion-hunters.

SHE WINS AN HONOURABLE TITLE

incredible that after all the shouting and stone throwing he was still lying in the dry stream-bed, and in that case he must presumably have taken refuge under one of the thick bushes that lined its banks ; but we did not know which, and the only thing to do was to have a spearman posted near each of them, and be ready to concentrate as soon as Pip showed us where the lion was to be found.

So Pip was let loose on the great adventure of her life.

She ran a few yards, first this way and then that. Then, to everyone's amazement, she dived straight into the bed of the stream and was lost from our sight. A second later the most awful roar thundered at us from the very spot into which Pip had vanished, and at the sound, coming from the place where nobody imagined the lion could possibly be, the Masai, my camera-bearer,

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the Somalis, I myself — all of us turned to run.

Fortunately we recovered ourselves. The Masai, of course, still wanted to kill the lion; and I, though I still wanted my photographs, was now chiefly concerned with the fate of my poor little dog. I had been foolish, I told myself, to let her play a part in the struggle; but as I have said, I never had any idea that she would be bold enough to go into those bushes. Before I could decide what to do, however, I heard more roaring, and then, mixed with it, the tiny, excited yapping that I had learnt to know so well. Then Pip was alive, at any rate! Seeing a small clearing some thirty yards down-stream, I ran to it, in the hope of being able to discover from there what was happening. When I arrived I found myself alone, for everyone else had gone the other way. By this time I could no longer

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hear Pip's yapping, and again I began to fear that she had come to grief.

But there was the consolation that now the roaring had stopped too. From the clearing I had a good view of the edge of the stream-bed, and I could see the Masai gathering round it, their weapons held loosely, as if the fight were over. One of my camera-boys came running up to tell me that the lion had killed one of the Masai; but no one seemed to know what had happened to Pip. Going closer, I could see the lion lying on the ground, dead, while beside him lay one of the Masai: of Pip there was still no sign.

Suddenly the Masai whom we had all taken for dead sprang to his feet and scrambled up the bank shouting angrily and holding out a bleeding hand.

What had happened, I asked.

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Now what, do you imagine, had happened ?

This.

That plucky little dog of mine—the bravest dog, surely, that ever ran about the London streets—dived into that stream-bed as I have narrated : dived into it simply because she knew that that was the lion's hiding-place. With a courage that even now seems to me incredible, she went straight for the furious beast and succeeded in getting her teeth into—his tail ! There she did what no other animal can do as well as a dog : she held on, despite all the efforts of the lion to shake her loose. The lion of course, could not touch her : she simply remained biting the end of his tail and moving round whenever he turned and tried to claw her.

While the lion's attention was distracted, the Masai warrior had crept up and flung his spear clean through the beast's heart.

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Now, in such a fight as this, when there may be difficulty in telling who actually threw the spear that killed the lion, it is the custom of the Masai that the much coveted mane shall belong to the man who retains hold of the beast's tail. This warrior, therefore, jumped in beside the dead lion and felt for the tip of the tail. Instead of the tail, he found Pip, still grimly holding on, still playing her part in the fight, since she did not know that the lion was dead.

And Pip was indignant. Who was this man who would wrest from her her prize? Anyway, she would have none of it, and when the native rashly persisted, she bit his hand, and then once more renewed her grip of the tail.

In the kraal of the Masai that night there was great rejoicing, for their enemy the lion was dead. But there was also jealousy. Who

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was to wear the dead lion's mane, the emblem of success? The young warrior urged his claim, for had he not thrown the spear which pierced the beast's heart? Others, however, had claims to put forward. One man was certain that his spear, thrown two seconds before, had entered the lion's body, and might easily have caused his death. And the problem was not to be solved in the usual way, for no one held the skin.

The dispute, at last, was brought before the chieftain of the tribe, a worthy man who must surely have been of kinship with Solomon.

The chief patiently heard the stories of all the claimants. Then he reminded them of their own law : did not the mane belong to him that had grasped the tail? And who was that? Was it not the little dog that the white master called Pip, but who indeed was worthy of a greater name, the name of one of courage, the name

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of “ Simba,” the lion, himself? To her should go the lion’s mane, and the honour of the victory over the King of Beasts.

And so it was. From that day “ Pip ” became “ Simba ”—The Lion

CHAPTER SEVEN

SHE RETURNS TO CIVILISATION

SIMBA (as she must henceforth be called) bore her new honours lightly. She may possibly have noticed that the natives treated her now with something like respect, and she must have felt that I was pleased with her. But she remained just the happy little terrier that she had always been.

Unfortunately, about this time, Simba went on to the "sick list." I had been stalking a fine herd of zebra and had just got my cinema camera into position, when a smaller herd appeared in front of me at full gallop, with Simba at their heels. Zebra are amongst the animals on the

SHE RETURNS TO CIVILISATION

“danger list” for a dog, and this was one of Simba’s mistakes : a tragic one, as it happened, for before I could call her off she had approached too close and received a nasty kick. I ran to where she lay and found her whining piteously and licking a bruise. She was, of course, lucky to have escaped without a broken leg, or worse ; as it was, I carried her back to camp, laid her on my bed, and proceeded to apply ointment and to construct a rough sort of bandage. The little dog watched me with pathetic eyes as I worked over her, then licked my hand, and settled down to sleep. She bore her pain pluckily enough, but it was three days before she was sufficiently recovered to move from the camp.

Perhaps, therefore, it was as well that soon after this I decided to turn homewards. Before very long we reached a town, and it was there that I saw how tender and affectionate the little

MY DOG SIMBA

dog could be in playing with a child. They made friends immediately and it was delightful to see the dog that had recently been chasing lion and rhino now allowing a little child to pull her ears and chase her about the garden.

Here, too, Simba made a new friendship which was in some ways more remarkable than any others of the many that she was constantly making throughout her life. A big-game hunter, a short time before, had captured a young lion-cub that cannot have been more than a few weeks old. The hunter brought the cub to this town and kept it in an old dog kennel in a garden. One day, while I was walking with Simba at my heels, I suddenly realised that my terrier had turned aside. We had passed a gate, and turning back I looked to see what had become of her. My surprise can be imagined when I found her standing on the grass, with wagging tail, barking with



Simba allowed a little child to pull her cars.

SHE RETURNS TO CIVILISATION

obvious friendliness at this tiny lion-cub, which was even smaller than herself. She danced gaily round it, and round again, barking all the time with glee. She seemed to be saying: "Come along, you jolly little thing, come along and have a game."

But the lion-cub was true to its instincts. Somehow it knew already that dogs were the lion's enemies, and it would have no play with Simba. It snarled at her. It growled. It lifted the little soft paw where claws had not yet fully grown, and hit at the dog that only wanted to make friends.

It was odd to see Simba, fresh from her victory over a fully-grown lion, now asking a little lion-cub to be friends and have a game.

The incident pleased me so much that I went to the big-game hunter that evening and told him the story. We agreed that Simba's overtures

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of friendship should be encouraged. Accordingly, for a whole week, Simba was allowed to go every day into that garden, and each day she renewed her efforts to show the lion-cub that she only wanted to play. It was charming to watch them together as, day by day, the cub's fears lessened, until at last she would roll on the grass and let Simba wrestle with her, and roll her over, for all the world like a friendly dog playing with a kitten.

This friendship marked the end of my terrier's first visit to Africa. After a very few weeks of town life, we went once more on board ship, and set sail for England.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SHE GOES TO THE WARS

I DID not remain long in England.

When once one has been to Central Africa, when once one has tramped its huge forests, its great stretches of bush, seen its mountains and rivers; when, above all, one has seen its animal life, the birds, animals, insects and fishes that are seen nowhere else; then the call to return makes life in England impossible. Africa is the land of adventure, and also the land of space. One may go to the Scotch moorland and feel that there is hardly another human being within fifty miles: but go to the African bush, and you will know that your nearest neighbour is very

MY DOG SIMBA

likely five hundred miles away, and that all of those five hundred miles contain Nature's creatures untouched by civilisation, and living, not in stables, not in zoological gardens, but among the thorn bushes and by the rivers, as Nature intended them to live.

Africa is a glorious place, and much as one may love England, knowing it for one's home, when once a man has gone to Central Africa, he will go again ; and go again ; and yet again.

So it was that in 1913 I decided to make the attempt to cross Africa from East to West, starting from the borders of the Indian Ocean, marching through the country of the great lakes Albert and Victoria Nyassa, and then following the line of the Congo River for some sixteen hundred miles to the Atlantic. It was to be a great expedition, and that indeed it proved. There was, however, one drawback to it. It would

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take me, I knew, for many miles through the country of the terrible tsetse fly, which means almost certain death to four-footed animals that are not born and bred in those regions. To take Simba into that country would have meant for a certainty to leave her there, buried beneath the African soil.

That, of course, was unthinkable.

So I said good-bye to Simba and went on my expedition alone.

It was more than a year later when I returned. I had missed my little dog constantly. The sight of a herd of zebra recalled to me her adventures with them; the sight of rhino, the sight of elephant, of monkeys, of wart-hogs, all made me wish each day that she was with me once again in Africa, giving vent to her excitement and her instincts for pursuit; then coming into my tent at night, marching beside me on the

MY DOG SIMBA

long treks, sharing all my adventures, and being my constant and sympathetic companion.

But when I came back at last to London, I was told in a way that was unmistakable that for every minute that I had spent in missing Simba there had been one at least which she had spent in missing me. She must, I suppose, have thought me dead : I trust, at any rate, that she did not imagine I had deserted her. For the scene when I entered my house in London is one never to be forgotten. I arrived at night. The door was opened and out sprang little Simba, all eager and expectant to greet some new arrival. Without, of course, a thought of the possibility that her master could have returned, she ran out to do the honours of the house to a stranger, sniffed at my shoes, stopped suddenly as if she found something vaguely familiar in the scent, and then set to work to sniff my legs, up and up,

SHE GOES TO THE WARS

till she reached my knees. Then at last she knew me. She threw back her head and gave one long series of joyous barks. She bounded around me in a great circle across the road. She sprang up at me, first on one side, then on the other. She could not keep still, nor find any way to express her joy as she needed to express it.

We went together into the house, and my little dog seemed almost to go mad with the excitement of my return. She sprang over chairs, she jumped on to my knee and down again, she raced upstairs, seized the pillow off my bed and dragged it down to lay it at my feet, raced round the room again; and all the while she barked and barked and barked.

And when at last she grew tired, she came and laid her head between my knees, looked up into my eyes, and began happily to lick my hand.

MY DOG SIMBA

Then I knew that I could never go abroad without her again.

It was only a few months before my resolution was put to the test. In August, the Great War broke out. With two other men, F. C. Selous and G. Outram, both of whom were famous as hunters of big-game in Africa, I enlisted in the 25th Royal Fusiliers, and a few weeks later the three of us received our commissions in the same battalion.

Before long, we were under orders for Africa, the Commanding Officer of the battalion being the celebrated scout, Colonel Driscoll, who had already spent half his life fighting in Africa against various races.

The life of a soldier was not likely to seem as strange to me as it would to many men, for I was at any rate used to an open-air life, to camping,

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to long marches, and to fending for myself in difficult conditions. But though I might fit more or less easily into military life, what was to become of Simba? At a time when such a thing as war did not enter my scheme of things, I had promised that where I went Simba should go too : and here, within six months, I seemed to be forced to break my word and leave her once more in London while I went adventuring abroad.

In desperation I went to the Colonel, and put the problem to him. He had no doubts as to the correct solution of it. "Bring her with you, of course," he said, and so Simba took her place among "the armed forces of the Crown," and set out once more for Africa.

At the end of my expedition across the continent, I had brought home to England with me my black servant, Ernst, an excellent and most faithful fellow who had learnt English in

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the schools of the missionaries at Kampala, Uganda. Colonel Driscoll allowed me to keep him as my servant, saying that he would be useful on the voyage out in teaching the men the native language, while at the same time he could look after Simba.

The terrier quickly made friends with the men on the voyage and became a great favourite. Colonel Driscoll, too, took a fancy to her, and when we went into camp near the Magadi soda lake soon after landing, the three of us, Driscoll, Simba and I, used to walk together in the evening, the Colonel and I exchanging yarns of adventure while Simba ran ahead on adventures of her own.

By that time, my reputation for photography had reached the military authorities, and I was ordered to report at the Headquarters at Nairobi for special work. Now, having my dog with



Simba became a regimental pet.

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me as a sort of unofficial regimental pet was all very well in our own camp, by the Colonel's permission, but, the military mind being what it is, I could not see myself appearing before the G.O.C. at Headquarters with a terrier at my heels. I should probably have been told, I decided, that such conduct was incompatible with that of an officer and a gentleman! So for the time being there was nothing for it but to leave Simba at the camp during my short absence, knowing that there were there at least a thousand men anxious to feed her and to take care of her.

But I had reckoned without Simba.

In the early morning, I was driven in the Colonel's Ford car to the station, where I said good-bye to the little dog and told the driver to take her back to camp. I watched them out of sight, the driver holding the dog's collar with

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one hand while he steered with the other, Simba struggling all the time to turn and look back at me.

The train started almost as soon as I entered it. At Magadi Junction I had to change. To my utter astonishment, as soon as I stepped down on to the platform the first thing I saw was Simba !

She must have broken away from the driver of the car, for the guard told me that just as the train was leaving the station he had seen her tearing along at full speed. She sprang at one bound into his van at the end of the train, and then as soon as it stopped at the junction she jumped out and ran from carriage to carriage in search of her master. "What a dog !" exclaimed the guard. "I wish she were mine !" Many people have wished that of Simba. But I must say that I don't think she has ever wanted to belong to anyone but me.

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Of course, there was nothing to be done then, and indeed I could not find it in my heart to scold the little animal. I took her to Nairobi, and there, as I was ordered to go on with my camera to Lake Victoria, I was forced to leave her securely in the charge of a friend.

While on this trip I adopted a very handsome Colobus monkey. When, after some weeks, I returned to Nairobi, my friend brought Simba to the station to greet me, and it was delightful to see her again. She danced happily around me—until suddenly she met the Colobus monkey and stopped short. “What are you doing with my master?” she seemed to be saying. He was an interloper. He had no business to be standing beside me as if I belonged to him, as if I could possibly belong to anyone except Simba herself. She would have none of him, and I am sorry to say that for as long as that monkey

MY DOG SIMBA

remained with me she ignored him in a way that must certainly have hurt his feelings.

During the next few days, while I was staying at Nairobi developing and printing my plates, Colonel Driscoll came to the town, and he and I went to spend a week-end at Sir Northrup McMillan's ranch, twenty miles away. On the Saturday, the Colonel and I, with a doctor who was also staying on the ranch, went for a walk, Simba of course trotting ahead of us. She soon became happy chasing a couple of her old friends the wart-hogs, and a little later we came to a spot in a valley where a dry river bed some eight or ten feet deep was covered for a space by a fallen tree which made it into a sort of tunnel. Simba, on the bank of the stream, walked to the edge at the spot where the tunnel began. Suddenly she sniffed and began to bark with great excitement, while her hair bristled up on her shoulders.



I adopted a very handsome Colobus monkey.

SHE GOES TO THE WARS

I knew what that meant. Turning to the Colonel, I pointed to the tunnel and said "Lion !"

"Nonsense !" said Driscoll, but by that time I had come closer and I too could smell lion, even as Simba had done.

Now, it ought to be clear to most, at any rate, of my readers that the killing of animals is not a "sport" that in any way appeals to me : more than that, it is one that I strenuously dislike and avoid. At times on my expeditions, of course, it has been necessary for me to take a rifle and go out to shoot animals to provide meat for the pot : and at other times I have had to shoot charging rhino and other beasts in self-defence. But it is not a sport wantonly to kill animals, in my opinion, and if I felt an insatiable need to prove my prowess as a marksman, I would rather fire at a paper bull's-eye on a range.

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Least of all, perhaps, could I tolerate the idea of shooting that glorious animal, the lion. At the same time, I am bound to admit that there are occasions when the lion must be shot, for the simple reason that a man-eating lion is a constant terror to the neighbourhood and, since the first principle of defence is to attack, it is wise to kill any man-eater that comes within a close range of human habitations, and not to wait until the lion has carried off any more human beings.

That was the position when Simba showed us these lions in the tunnel. They had left the open jungle and trespassed on to a ranch. By day, they would probably remain in shelter: by night they could come out, and woe betide any native who was rash enough or careless enough to walk after dusk down the paths of what had hitherto been regarded as a place of absolute safety.

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Knowing that, I came to the conclusion that it was a matter of duty to our fellow-men, white and black, to make that ranch once more a safe place for human habitation. There was no question about it, regretful though I was. Driscoll and the doctor agreed, and therefore we began to place our forces for an attack on the lions' stronghold. I walked on for about twenty yards to the last of the bushes, and there found the other exit to the tunnel. The country all round was covered with close-growing grass about a foot and a half high.

Simba, all the while, was becoming more and more excited. She, of course, was quite ready for a scrap with a lion, for had she not been victorious in the past? I, however, came to the conclusion that this was not merely a case of fighting a single lion : I judged that in that tunnel there were three lions at least—and as events

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proved, there were actually four. I was certainly not going to let the little dog go alone down the tunnel, as she so obviously wanted to do, and I called her off, though it was a matter of real difficulty to restrain her. We unfortunately were badly equipped for a fight with lions, the doctor having a rifle he didn't understand, Driscoll having a revolver, while I was armed with a carbine that worked badly and easily jammed.

By good luck the pathway was close by, and seeing a native on his way to the house, I told him to tell Bwana McMillan to bring his big bonduki (rifle) and come to our aid. Meanwhile, the doctor was posted at one end of the tunnel and the Colonel at the other, while I paced to and fro with Simba in the hope that the scent of the dog would keep the lions where they were. At the end of half an hour, as McMillan had not arrived, I sat down for a

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smoke and a rest. Suddenly, I saw the doctor coming towards me. He also wanted a smoke and a rest, and consequently, I regret to say, he had deserted his post. He returned at once, at my warning, but already the lions had slipped out, and the last we saw of them was as, four in number, they were sneaking away through the long grass. It was only a few minutes later that McMillan arrived.

It is, of course, an easy matter to lose one's way in the jungle. I had always found, however, that on such occasions Simba was invaluable. She had an uncanny way of finding our camp, even when to me there was no indication of the direction in which it lay. Whenever I did not know which way to go, I would sit down and smoke my pipe, and then get up and say cheerfully : " Now, for camp, Simba," and the little creature would set off at once in the right direction, guided,

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I suppose, by some instinct unknown to man. On one occasion when the battalion was bivouacked with outlying posts, the orderly officer of the night, being new to the country, asked me to accompany him on his tour of inspection. We started out, Simba trotting beside us, but soon we found ourselves enveloped in a heavy mist in which we completely lost ourselves. For over an hour we walked this way and that, hoping to reach one of the posts, without success. At last I suggested that we should trust to Simba, as I had so often done in the past.

She started off immediately and led us straight to the camp : unfortunately, however, not to our own section of it. Suddenly we reached the outpost of an Indian Regiment stationed on the opposite side of the camp, and found ourselves challenged in the words : “ ’Alt ! Who goad a-dere ? ”



We started out, Simba trotting beside us.

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"Friend," I said.

"The plas word, flend?" demanded the Indian trooper.

Now I knew, of course, the pass word in my own part of the camp, but I had no idea of the one for the Indian section. So I said so, assuming, naturally, that without it we should be refused admission. But I hoped that I should be directed to my own quarters.

Not a bit of it: the Indian trooper was of a conversational turn of mind. "The plas word," he said, "is Kisumu."

"Right," I said, "Kisumu."

"Plas, flend," said the trooper. "All's well."

I was grateful. The orderly officer, I regret to say, was not. He seemed to think this method of learning "plas words" a trifle unconventional; but when I suggested that there was no need

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for him to take advantage of it, since he could of course continue to walk about in the mist if he preferred to do so, he had no more to say. And Simba guided the two of us to our own part of the camp.

CHAPTER NINE

SHE GOES ON PATROL AND RECEIVES HER UNIFORM

ALL this time I still kept the Colobus monkey, although Simba persisted in regarding him with suspicion. Now two other creatures came into our household—a retriever that had been presented to the battalion as a regimental pet and a parrot. The parrot was a prisoner of war. It had belonged to the German Governor at Bukoba, and after the fight there the Colonel had decided to keep it.

I think he subsequently regretted this. That parrot had certain accomplishments which would have been popular enough in the *entourage* of the Governor but which did not appeal to

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Colonel Driscoll. For one thing, the Colonel was a teetotaller, which apparently the Governor was not : the Governor, too, was German, and the language of that race was not one which had any special attractiveness at the moment for our Commanding Officer. The parrot was not content with persistently trying to teach Colonel Driscoll to talk German : it wanted also to convince him that ginger-ale was not the best drink in the world. Every day, just before dinner (and at a considerable number of other times too, as the fancy took it), the parrot went through a regular ventriloquial performance, starting with the sound of a cork being drawn from a bottle, continuing with the gurgling of whisky as it is poured from the decanter to the glass, then the hiss of soda-water coming from a syphon, next a sound of drinking, and finally a smacking of lips to denote intense enjoyment. And by way of rounding off the

SHE GOES ON PATROL

exhibition, the parrot would say in German as he finished : “ Ah ! Gut ! (Good !) Ah ! Gut ! ”

It was really very clever.

But the Colonel failed to appreciate it.

The Colobus monkey, too, was mischievous, its favourite amusement being to pick the pocket of anyone who came to visit me in my tent and to tear whatever it secured into the tiniest of shreds. It wasn't a pleasant pastime, and I was glad that it was only practised on visitors and never on myself. Still, even though it caused great annoyance to the victims, it gave much amusement to the rest of us.

Those days in camp were happy enough, as everyone who shared them will agree, even though the memory of them is now tinged with sadness. Selous and I would sit in a tent exchanging yarns of African life, and now and again some younger

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officer who had never before left England would join us and listen wide-eyed at what we told. For I must admit that, at any rate when both Outram and Driscoll and also two other African hunters, Richardson and Ryan, joined us, more true stories of adventure were told than have ever been heard in a small gathering before or since. We had all of us spent the best part of our lives in Africa and, between us, there was not much about the animals and birds of the country that we did not know, and possibly not many conceivable forms of adventure that we had not experienced. Such meetings will never happen again : Selous and Ryan were killed in action during the campaign, Outram was killed by a lion in 1920, and Richardson has also died.

All of these great hunters were devoted to Simba, and I constantly heard them wishing that they had had her on their own expeditions.

SHE GOES ON PATROL

It must not be forgotten that although most of the tales I have to tell of Simba at this time are of life in camp, we were all of us engaged all the while in a particularly strenuous form of warfare. The sentries that surrounded our camps were on the alert against German attacks : detachments that marched in advance of the main body were frequently ambushed : and casualties were heavy. In the way of all soldiers, we had cheery parties in camp, but there was always the knowledge that on the following day our party might be broken for ever.

There was one such evening that I particularly remember. Selous at the time was sick and lying on his camp bed, I was sitting on mine, with Simba at my feet, and young Billy Dartnell, who in civilian life had been a professional entertainer, was treating us to a performance on a German mandoline which he had found after

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the fight at Bukoba. Very softly, Billy played old Scotch, Irish and English airs, singing to his own accompaniment. It was one of those delightfully peaceful interludes that come in the midst of war. But within sixteen hours young Billy, with a party of men, was ambushed and wounded. The party had to retire, but Billy refused to be moved, preferring to stay and look after those of his men who, like himself, were wounded. The decision won for him the Victoria Cross, but it cost him his life, for on the arrival of the enemy every one of those wounded men was slaughtered.

To this day, the sound of the mandoline brings back to me the memory of that happy evening and its tragic sequel.

The chance of being ambushed was one of our greatest dangers, and you may be sure that we walked warily when on patrol. The Colonel

SHE GOES ON PATROL

himself used to make a tour of inspection of the patrols at daybreak, and Simba and I would accompany him. On one occasion, when Selous also was with us, we reached a particularly dangerous-looking spot where, as a matter of fact, a party of twenty had already been ambushed and killed. We stopped suddenly at the sight of a number of crouching figures not far from the roadside. Calling up our men, we set to work to try and ambush what we took to be a detachment of Germans waiting to ambush us, and our surprise can be imagined when we crept nearer and found we were stalking, not Germans, but a troop of baboons !

Of course, both armies had many ingenious tricks of deception. One of the best of these was the painting of white horses with black stripes in order that, from a distance, they might be mistaken for zebras. The idea struck me as a valuable one, for we were in a patch of country

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well studded with trees and bushes which made excellent cover for snipers, and both men and animals were frequently picked off at long range. Simba, of course, looked very prominent with her white hair against the dull brown of the dried grass, and I lived in fear lest a sniper should get her. I therefore decided that she, like the troops, must dress in the almost invisible khaki : a solution of permanganate of potash did the trick, and the white little dog that went into the bath came out a brown one. It was really a great success, and I like to think that it probably saved her life on more than one occasion. At any rate, as I told her afterwards, it gave her the honour of wearing the King's uniform.

But Simba, when she turned round and looked at her legs, simply couldn't understand it. I suppose she had her own ideas about canine beauty, and I don't think she appreciated the change !



White horses were painted to look like zebras.

CHAPTER TEN

SHE LEARNS TO FLY

I NOW come to what was perhaps the strangest of all Simba's adventures. It might be thought that to travel twice to Africa, to chase rhino and to hunt lions, and to play a part in the greatest war in history, would be enough in the way of incident to fill a dog's life. But Simba did more than this: she did what probably no dog had ever previously done: she learned to fly.

It was in the latter part of the war that I, because of my knowledge of photography, was attached to the Royal Naval Air Service in Africa. Of course, when I was ordered to leave my battalion and proceed to the aerodrome at Maktau, I took Simba with me. Everyone in

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the battalion was sorry to lose her. Apart from the fact that she was a great favourite, she had by this time come to be regarded as something of a mascot, and there were predictions that when she departed ill-luck would fall on those left behind.

Still, I had to go, and you may be sure that no amount of superstition would have persuaded me to leave her behind. As a matter of fact, I think she enjoyed her new life. For one thing, there were other animals in the aerodrome, notably an extremely clever baboon named Jane.

Jane was always up to mischief. It was impossible to tie her up in such a way that she could not get loose, for she could untie any knot that was used, in spite of the fact that they were tied by sailors, to whom knots are a form of art. One of her delights was to get free and visit the part of the camp devoted to the transport. There



Jane could untie any knot.

SHE LEARNS TO FLY

she would find another of the pets of the camp, also a baboon. Jane would untie the other baboon, and the two of them would proceed to raid the King's African Rifles Officers' Mess.

Now Jane shared the tastes of the parrot that had irritated Colonel Driscoll : she liked whisky ; and as she was an adept at drawing a cork, she made considerable havoc in that Officers' Mess. When she returned from one of these raids, she always went straight to a horizontal pole outside our own mess and proceeded to try and balance herself on it, walking like a tight-rope walker : it was a most amusing sight, for to the men in the aerodrome it appeared that Jane was submitting herself to a test of sobriety. If that was so, it must be admitted that she did not always pass the test : sometimes she fell to the ground, and then she would be simply furious with anyone who laughed at her.

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Simba, of course, did not share in these antics. In fact, she hardly approved of them. Whenever Jane returned from a raid, Simba would approach her, and sniff at her nose, and then turn away with a screwing of her lip which I can only describe as an expression of disgust.

Apart from this, however, Simba and Jane were the very best of pals. Before dawn every day they would go out together and climb into a motor-car to watch the start of the bombing machines; and then they would sit together gazing anxiously at the sky while they waited for the return of the 'planes. It was Jane, always, who was the first to see them, far away in the sky, and at her first signal of excitement Simba would bark and come scampering to me with the news.

After being for so long in camp in the jungle, where she was never allowed to run far ahead or



*The aeroplane in which Simba flew, with its pilot
and Simba's master.*

SHE LEARNS TO FLY

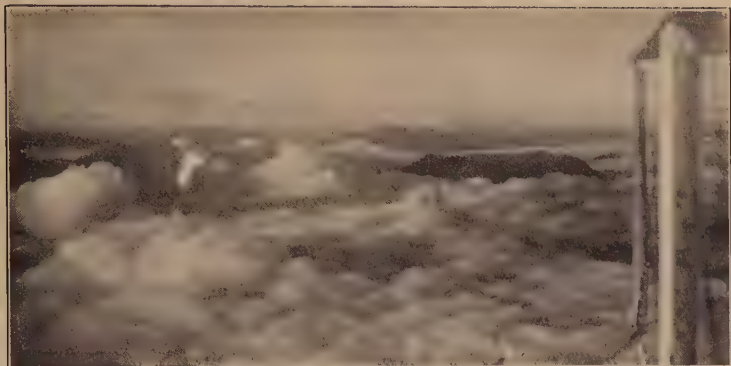
to go abroad by herself, Simba thoroughly enjoyed the big, open aerodrome, where she could be entirely at liberty, and where, too, there were a great many men always ready to have games with her. Then, too, there was the daily excitement of sudden orders for flight. When all seemed quiet, one of Simba's games would be abruptly ended, there would be bustle and hurry, and then one of the aeroplanes would start forward, gather speed, and rise into the air. Simba had never seen anything of the sort before. The hustle intrigued her: the sight of a rising 'plane fascinated her, and it was always a matter of difficulty to restrain her when I had to board a 'plane and she was not permitted to follow.

For that was one of the things I would not allow her. She had accompanied me into many strange and dangerous places, and I would have liked to have had her with me among the clouds.

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But it was too risky. For a dog, she was fairly obedient ; but she still had fits of absent-mindedness, when discipline was forgotten ; and I pictured her suddenly jumping up and attempting to leap over-board. If ever that happened, it would be, without a doubt, at a moment when by some accident she was insecurely tied to the seat. Such is the way of Fate ! Or so, at any rate, I reasoned, and because of it I determined that her wish to fly could never be granted.

But the time came when my duties took me for two or three days away from the aerodrome, and I was compelled to leave Simba, for that short time, behind. While I was away, one of my fellow-officers yielded to the temptation to take her with him ; or shall I put it more kindly, and say that, in his kind-heartedness, he yielded to her obvious entreaty ? In any case, on that day Simba was allowed into an aeroplane, and



1. *Amid the clouds.*



2. *Nearing the earth.*

What Simba saw from the aeroplane.

SHE LEARNS TO FLY

tied very securely to the seat—and away she went.

When the story was told to me, I learnt that she took the adventure very calmly. But what must she have thought as the ground on which she was accustomed to run moved away beneath her and gradually disappeared into the distance, while in its place appeared nebulous white masses, billowed up on all sides, above and below? And what must she have thought when, a little later, a tiny speck appeared through the cloud, grew larger and ever larger, and at last became recognisable as the earth of the aerodrome itself, with old friends of her own becoming visible upon it, and there, on the back seat of a motor-car, her friend Jane, the baboon, looking up excitedly and then jumping to the ground?

It was surely the most startling of her adventures.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

SHE SAYS FAREWELL

MANY times I had thought of the end of the war, and of how I would then take Simba with me back to England, there to await the time when the two of us would again start out on some fresh expedition into the jungles.

But before the war ended I was taken seriously ill with fever and dysentery. I was taken to hospital, put into the ward kept for patients whose lives are in danger, and there I lay for several days. The doctors gave up all hope of saving me, and I too thought that the end of my adventures on earth was at hand. The friends for whom I cared most were in England, many

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thousands of miles away. Newer friends, whom I had met in the strenuous days of the war—they too were out of reach, serving with their battalion in some of the heaviest fighting of the campaign. I was alone, as many a soldier on foreign soil has been; and although doctors and nurses were infinitely kind, there was no old friend whom I could call to my bedside and shake by the hand for the last time.

None?

There was one old friend, though I could not shake her by the hand. Was there not little Simba, truest of friends, anxiously awaiting my return at a house only a mile away?

I sent for her. I suppose the staff of the hospital thought it either amusing or pitiful, according to the measure of their sympathy, when they saw the little terrier brought into the ward,

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sniff the air for a second, and then come running to my bedside. I had no strength to move. All I could do was to drag one hand to the edge of the bed and let it hang limply over the side, while Simba rubbed her moist little nose against it and licked the palm. She was bothered, I felt, by my unaccustomed helplessness, while she wondered why I did not get up and come out and play with her. I was too weak even to speak, far too weak to attempt to pat her. All I could do was to touch her nose and faintly give it a squeeze. I hope she understood.

Yet I did not die. By some miraculous means I defied all the medical knowledge of the doctors and won my way through to life. I do not know how it happened. For days I was almost unconscious, and all I remember is a sudden temporary return to clearness, when I found

SHE SAYS FAREWELL

myself being swung high through the air with a peculiar motion, and dropped, not too tenderly, on to the deck of a hospital ship. After that I was again in oblivion for several hours.

We were at sea when I came to myself. As soon as I could speak I asked for Simba. Nobody seemed to know whom I was talking about. Then I realised that I was returning to England and that my little dog was left in Africa.

I comforted myself with the thought that the friend who had taken charge of her when I was first taken ill was a favourite of hers and that he, for a certainty, would care for her and treat her affectionately. But that, though it took away my anxiety for her safety, did not lessen my own sense of the loss of a friend.

When I reached England I was still ill for several months. I ascertained that my hopes

MY DOG SIMBA

about little Simba were realised and that my friend had her at his house. "She is happy, I think," he wrote, "but she misses you. You had better come to Africa again to fetch her."

The following year I did so. I went to Africa to fetch Simba.

But, alas ! she had died two months before.

